

I've got my finger on the trigger,  
And my hand around the gun,  
If you all see me coming then  
Then you better start to run

I'm going Postal.  
Son of a bitch,

Oh I've gotta score to settle  
With that stupid bunch of micks

I've had it up to here w/ this goddamned stuff  
With a bunch of stupid micks that think they're so damn tough  
If you see me coming  
If you don't see me coming I'll get you sure enough  
With gun your face is runny  
I'm going Postal

I've sat through last meeting,  
Wont sit through any more,  
And if you know what's good  
You better knock on out that door,  
You a gonna your last order

~~I'm gonna cancel you~~

I'm gonna cancel your opportunity w/ some authority  
I've got my own Scheme & Plan I'm gonna let you know  
To a place that's slightly warmer than where you have to be  
And you'll finally get to use that life insurance policy.  
I'm gonna Postal

I don't really want to fuck you  
But I've really got to try  
So why don't you send me a letter  
And carry your butt good by.

I'm gonna Postal

Please don't take this Personal. Afterwards I'll have respect  
of where we were. my circumstances & the built in all that  
I'm just the product of a really bad environment.